apartment on the boulevard Raspail every book, every new sheet of paper, increases the confusion and disorder. My thought cannot stretch out comfortably anywhere in it. At eleven o'clock I go out on the boulevards to meet Vollmoeller, with whom I have an appointment. He doesn't improve with use. He has a memory obviously, but he's a fool. I can no longer afford to take very cheerfully two hours of my precious time, or give them, simply in order to flatter someone, to "listen to him with my eyes," as Wilde used to say. It's a kind of flattery in which I excel when I am not tired.

(He has this advantage: that a conversation with him yields nothing worth reporting.)

Though this is not premeditated, it is almost impossible for me, as soon as I am not listening in an impertinent manner, not to listen in a flattering manner. When you listen this way, it's wonderful how much stupidity you can draw out of imbeciles; but also how much substance from intelligent people.

Very happy not to have lunched, I go into the Petit Gallery, where, for just one day, twenty-five or thirty good paintings are being exhibited before being put up for sale tomorrow. Some out-of-the-ordinary Renoirs, wondrous Monets, calmer but *more straightforward* Sisleys, a liquid Berthe Morisot I meet Louis Rouart there; he is afflicted with a cordial grumpiness and growls his civilities.

Wouldn't it have been simpler and less flat not to have said to <u>him</u> as I shook his hand: "Glad to have seen you again"? Absurd, but it came out automatically.

Driving rain.

I reach my house in Auteuil soaked to the skin. Everything about it seems so small, so small. . . . But Auteuil in the rain, and the gardens in the neighborhood, drenched, dripping, filled with flowers, seem to me

more charming than ever.

Monday

Yesterday I finished the day at the Charles Gides*. I find myself in a rather large gathering, but my aunt soon excuses herself and leads me into the study. Pathetic indictment of her sister, of her son Gerard, of her husband. She doesn't ask to be advised or approved, but simply to **be** listened to.

Gerard conies in; from the pleasure I feel, I realize that I came especially to see him. I want to take Trim out to dinner. We wangle it without too much trouble, but to the evident disappointment of his two girl cousins. Someone or other has claimed that the elder one (at least die elder one) is in love with him, It could be so. But it could also be that she doesn't yet know it; she is so natural with him.